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SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 2008

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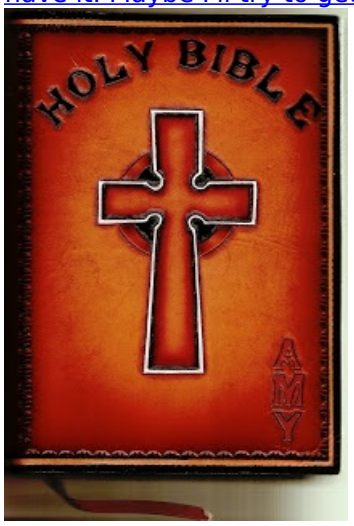
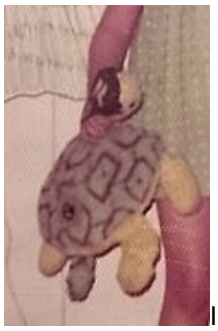
This is my Bible (well obviously.) The leather cover was custom created for me by this guy in prison. I don't know him, but my brother in law used to work with a guy who found out about him. He takes orders. What you do is, lay your Bible (open) on a big sheet of paper and trace around it, write down your favorite verse, throw in an unspecified amount of money (I didn't pay for it so I don't know how much he charges) and BAM! About a month later you get a really cool custom made Bible cover in the mail. Oh also you tell him your name & he puts it on the front if you want him to. I was thinking I should post his contact info here but I don't have it. Maybe I'll try to get it. But I don't know if he's still in the pen or not. But I'll find out.




I just wanted to show you my favorite things. Kind of like Show & Tell. Cause the last time I participated in Show & Tell, I was driven over the edge in a state of sheer humiliation that resulted in my sitting on my favorite turtle (see picture) and peeing on him. I didn't mean to pee on him, but I did mean to sit on him. I was trying to hide him cause I was informed (rudely) by a fellow preschooler that today WAS NOT Show & Tell day. It was tomorrow. So in order to save face I decided to sit on Windalie (you can see his winder if you look closely) but then some kids saw him sticking out from underneath me, sending me into the whole nervous humiliation thing that made me wet my pants. So maybe this time around will be a better experience.

Here's the back of it. I chose this verse because it reminds me of how simple it really is to live a life that pleases our Maker. That, and the fact that "living safely in the land" tops my list of desires for this wretched planet. I'm big on safety. In fact I think I need a bodyguard. But they wouldn't understand the nature of the protection I require so I'd have to hire a bodyguard for the bodyguard. And it would just spiral out of control from there. So I think I'm better off winging it till I crash and burn. If you have no idea what I'm talking about

then it's obvious you have so much catching up to do. This is ridiculous.

Red leather bookmark, made by an inmate back in '92.

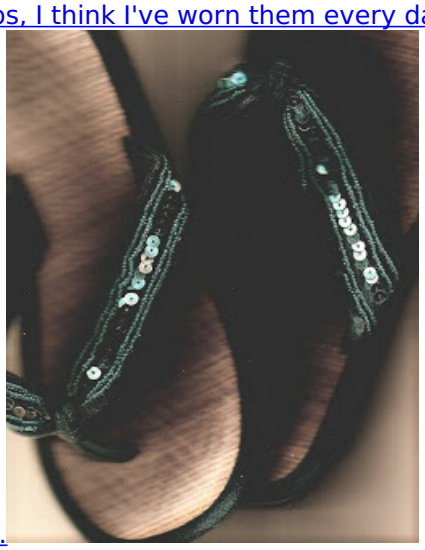
My necklaces, got at the mall a few months ago in an attempt to remind myself that I am worth decorating. Not that I have anywhere to go or any place to wear them. But they are there. They are draped over my little Lighthouse nightlite in my bathroom. I don't really need a nightlite but I think they make a room look pretty.

I tore this out of a big New Yorker cartoon book (you can find them at used bookstores & they're worth the $8.00). When I first saw this it took me a while to figure out what it meant, then when it hit me, that it's summing up my entire outlook on commercialism and greed and how we are fed such nonsense from the media like starving stupid sheep in the soup line. I "laminated" it in mailing tape a few years ago and it's one of the few things that I actually put on my wall. Well now it lives in one of my favorite books (Foxe's Book of English Martyrs). Speaking of that book, I had the idea to write about some of the amazing folks who were burned, beheaded, and otherwise bullied for their beliefs. Yes I think I will. Later, though.

Another one of my rare wall decorations. (I can count on one hand the number of objects that adorn my bedroom wall). My daughter gave this to me for my birthday in 2005. We were at Ross and I saw it, picked it up and was carrying it around, when she saw me and said, "oh Mommy, that's cute, do you like it?" I nodded, and she took it and said, "then I'll get it for you for your birthday!" Which made me crack up. How backwards is that. Like a child I was carrying it around, and I got to put it in the cart. My kid is hillarious. We have a secret saying: "This is TIBBY". It stands for "This Is Backwards". We use it alot. She's really sensible and mature for her age. I'm not.

HAND-PAINTED CROSS BOOKMARKS!!!!!!!!!! Cute, I know!

my favorite flip-flops, I think I've worn them every day for a whole year now. Even when it's cold. Even to get applications. Wait...



I was given this token one day, just minutes before an incredibly frightening event took place, by a really cool kid, and I had nothing to give him in return, but I promised him that the next time I saw him, I'd have

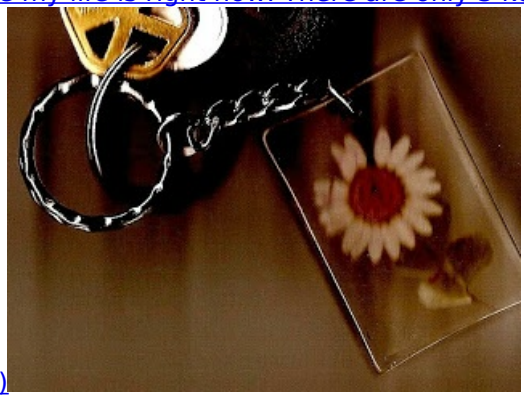
something cool for him.

So this old key has been living in my purse for a long time. Just in case. You never know when you're going to run into someone. And I can't break my promise. I don't know why I chose a key. I just get the feeling that boys like old keys. To be honest it's not the first key I had in mind to give him. The first one I was going to give him was a strange, small black key, I was told it was a Jailer's Key, so I thought that was cool, until I found out, it was a handcuff key. So the old rusty key is a better choice I think.

Here's my mp3 player that resembles a cockroach egg case. I own it due to having washed and dried my beloved player, killing it.

This is my other beloved player that I killed. It was a bad brain day and I forgot it was in my jeans pocket. I actually cried when I realized what I had done. I can't bring myself to throw it away. I keep thinking it's going

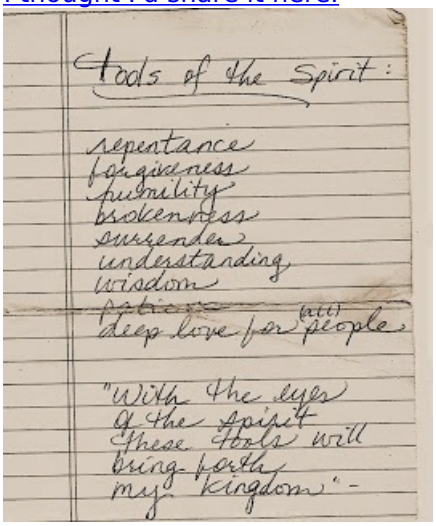
to come back somehow. You never know. Electronics are funny like that.

My key ring. I just want to demonstrate how simple my life is right now. There are only 3 keys on it: car (not my own), house (not my own), and mailbox (ditto.) 

A strange discovery a few weeks ago! As I was rooting through all these old family letters, I found a small flat box, opened it up, this handkerchief was inside along with an old handwritten note from some old relative, she said that this handkerchief belonged to my great great great grandmother, all the way back in Germany, long long ago, and she wanted me to have it. Apparently it was sent to me as a gift when I was born. So how come I'm 38 and I'm just now finding out about this? I took it out of the box and now it lives in my Bible. I got busted. My mom came looking for it, seems she saw the empty box. I told her she can't have it back. It's mine. Proof that I have connections.

Lately I've had some struggles. And I am reminded that when life is rough on the outside, to walk by faith

and not by sight. This little note lives in my Bible too, it's copied from something I read one time. It helps. So I thought I'd share it here.



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 2008

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well, here I am with another piece of rum cake, with obelisks on my mind. A typical night. The reason I've had so much rum cake lately (a steady supply since Christmas) is because my grandmother is hooked on Neiman Marcus, she makes her regular trek downtown and purchases meaningless things and gives them to the family to justify her shopping addiction, rum cake being the staple item. Anyway, I'm on the third one. They last a long time. She hasn't given me three of them, she gave everyone in the family one. But nobody likes them but me, so I end up with them all.

And the reason I have another obelisk on my mind is that I'm recalling a vision I had in '06, it was regarding a woman that I was dealing with, she was a Christian but getting sucked into the Unity Movement. She was passing out these books on it & so I sort of had to set her straight and bring her back to her senses, which didn't go over so well. I ended up tossing the copy she gave me into the fireplace.

As it turns out, her father had been a pastor, and also a mason. Well in the midst of my dealings with her, I saw this in a vision~ an obelisk, it was upright, then it turned on it's side and rotated and pierced her head, went right through it, penetrated her mind.
I understood the meaning and it helped me to pray for her. She's been hornswaggled. Deceived. Generational curses have polluted the mind.

She's not the first one I've encountered with spiritual roots in Freemasonry. They seem to find me, or I them. And there's always a confrontation of some kind. But truth prevails. It's a sore subject with me, close to my heart, and I have a real burden for people who are tangled up in it. That's all I wanted to say about that. A mind was pierced, compromised. If that was the case with her, that could be the case with anyone who's got anything to do with it. Just a friendly reminder. Just one more li'l voice.

Oh and I guess I should also add that the Blood of Jesus Christ is the only thing that brings freedom, deliverance, and healing.

Those pesky obelisks just keep showing up. What next? Will my next rum cake be shaped like one? You know, about occult symbols~ I laugh at all the superstition about most of them, especially the animal ones. They were God's frogs before they represented demons, they were God's beautiful owls before they meant harm, etc etc...
But it's the shady ones I don't like, such as.....OBELISKS. If you start looking around you'll see them everywhere, especially around public buildings, schools, libraries.

Ok that's all.

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some visions from '05 & '06

Saw business men being devoured in water by crocodiles, saw their arms being eaten, saw crisp clean white shirts. Understood that this represents attack(s) on American economy.

Saw teenagers walking together, in unison, through the streets, during what should have been school hours, singing and praising God, on a mission. Understood that God is raising up a mighty generation in the youth; do not underestimate. They were going places and witnessing and ministering, all on their own.

Saw a dog, as in, somebody's pet, being cooked outdoors, to be eaten. Famine.

Saw three Sanhedrin, Pharisees? Leaving the temple, leaving the city, approaching. Look of frustration upon their faces, disgruntled, not going to "put up" with all this Spirit nonsense. Understood that an increase in legalism comes against the church.

Saw group of people on a boat, a fishing boat, going to a new land, fleeing destruction. They were on a fishing boat, they had to use whatever form of transportation was available. These were Christians, I understood that they were not afraid, they accepted loss and they looked with anticipation at what was to come, totally trusting in God. "Zoomed in" on a woman's face, she stood at the front of the boat, there was a look of sheer wonder on her face. They were leaving America, and they were in icy cold waters.

Saw rows and rows of people behind bars, as if imprisoned, their arms reaching out from behind the bars, begging for release, desperate, crying out for deliverance. Heard the Lord say, "There are SO MANY to be set free."

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Vision shown to me in '05:

A terrified woman, standing inside her home, facing the front door, which was closed. On her face was sheer terror, as if sudden destruction was coming, and she was panicking. She held a can of black paint in one hand, and a brush in the other. She began to frantically apply huge strokes of black paint on either side and above the door, in an effort to gain some protection from the Lord. The vision "zoomed in" on her face, I felt her fear. She was desperate.

After praying about it, I understood that in the coming times, and even now, there will be many who scramble at the last minute to find favor and protection in the Lord, but their ignorance regarding His Word

will be a disservice to them. The woman was attempting some form of Passover ritual, as if it were something that she had once heard about, but really didn't understand. As I watched her paint around the door, I thought to myself, where to begin? Passover was a one-time event, to begin with. Secondly, she was using paint instead of blood. Add to that the fact that she was painting the inside instead of the outside. I thought, she's got it wrong, all-around. Protection cannot be obtained through any ritual, it's by putting one's faith and trust in the Living God, and through the Blood of the Lamb, Jesus Christ. I heard the Lord say, "Know My Word."

I felt deep compassion for the woman and I wanted to reach out to her and tell her this, but it was too late. She had no knowledge of His Word. Destruction was on it's way. I should also add this detail, that she appeared to be involved in voodoo, or just a combination of beliefs, a hodgepodge mixture. I learned about a year later that in some rituals, black paint is actually used, sometimes even on doorposts! Freaked me out, I had no idea.

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I posted this dream on another blog a few weeks ago, but here it is again (I'm compulsive like that)
About 6 weeks ago I had a very short but disturbing dream~ I was walking slowly among rubble and remains of a great city, something had happened, some type of destruction. It was quiet, there was nothing happening at all, just me, looking at all this stuff on the ground all around me, and as I walked I came upon a huge white stone object, lying on the ground. As I walked on and saw all of it, I realized that it was an obelisk, not quite as large as the Washington monument but it was still pretty big.
American finances.... the economy....
(and this just came to me, tonight~ "Nation's Capitol"-----"nation's capital".... ah, nevermind)

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(like this...except there were eagles & American flags on it. Also it was more fancy than this.)

Well, now I should tell you about the hospital-within-a-library dream, seeing as how I'm on the subject.

I had this one about 6 months or so ago. I was in a large public library, it was really official looking, almost as if it were inside a capitol building or something. But I wasn't there to check out books. I was there for a doctor's appointment.

Not only that, but I was made to go. As I approached the desk, I noticed a cop on either side of it, watching everything. I had a feeling of dread, and of being controlled. I noticed that the side rooms were being used as examination rooms. It was also a hospital. It was like "The" medical place for everything. I sensed that we were all being regulated and it was required that we all go there.

As I stood at the desk to sign in, I looked up, and saw that the ceiling directly above the desk was a dome, a

skylight, and there were decorations going around the inside of it, such as eagles, and ivy, and American flags. It was pretty, but I remember thinking, am I inside a domed government building?? But it was a library, or, had been. Now it was a medical establishment.

I gotta say, it was run by the same darn folks as the ones in the other dreams.

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"Newel post"- "new post"...

new direction, or same direction, same path, new scenery, new steps to take. Ah nevermind.

Tonight I've been drinking tea and eating crackers, thinking of some dreams I've had about our country. I've written about this particular one before, but I think now's a good time to do it again.

It was back in 2004 I believe when I had this one. I saw a shopping center that had been taken over, there were armed soliders positioned upon the roof, aimed at the citizens, and there were shortages of everyday items, and things were being rationed, and I think the soldiers were guarding against looting?

Then, I saw more buildings, such as libraries and schools and such, and they all had been taken over and were all the "same place", run by the same folks...

Next, I was in a place where people were being held against their will. I was on a school campus I think, but we were fenced in and there were more soldiers... People were miserable and frightened and being made to work. I approached a person who was doing something at a table, I watched as he ground something into a fine powder, and as he worked I sensed that he was grinding down human bones. As soon as I thought this, he looked up and looked directly into my eyes and said, "It is what you think it to be."

Next I was inside this place, this school that had been taken over, and it was somewhat of a prison, the classrooms used as cells and interrogating rooms. A frightened little girl came up to me, and I knew she was there alone. I held her hand and took care of her. As we walked hand in hand down a hallway, we happened to pass by an open classroom, and the door was partially open, just enough to where I could see that there was a man being tortured inside. He was on the wall. It was very disturbing to say the least, even though it was a dream. I was worried that the little girl saw it too, and so I knelt down and put my hand on her little head and said, "Heavenly Father, may Your Holy Spirit protect this little child and may she not see these things here..." And then the little girl looked up at me and said, "I saw everything."

I was taken on some kind of a tour, saw more things, until the very end, when I was told to lie down in a bathtub, naked, it was my turn to die, and they placed a gas mask over my face. The gas stank and I began to choke, then I woke up.

I almost forgot! One of the details of this dream was a woman, she was being held against her will just like everyone else, but she sat and joked and laughed with one of "them", and I knew that she had made connections ahead of time, and now it was serving her well, she was using her influence for the betterment of the captives, but in an underhanded way, by infiltration. She was a rare exception and I knew that she was taking great risks.

I'm just going to leave it at that. Usually I like to sum up my dreams and visions, but this one needs little explanation, besides, I'm just a dreamer, and all I need to do is share what I've been shown.

I'm sharing this one tonight because of what I saw earlier. I got my country on my mind.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 2008

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tonight I saw this in a vision~ a fancy stairway, like this,

...and it zoomed-in on the big wooden ball thing like in this picture, but in the vision it was a much larger ball.

(I tried to find a better picture online but couldn't find one)

Then I approached the stairs, and started to climb them, and reached out and placed my left hand on the wooden ball (I found out it's called a newel post, what the ball is on) ..and as I did, there appeared the outline of the United States on the ball, just the shape of it, simple and black.

And it made me think of two dreams I've had that involve staircases. I prayed about this one and I heard in my spirit "you know". As in, I already know the meaning. I do. And I am on the verge of tears right now as I type.

I'll write more about this one later!

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Wait. I changed my mind about the tracker. Cause then that's all I do is look at it. Like watching a bird feeder. Or an aquarium. Or even an ant hill. You know what I'm talking about. That feeling you get, when you get lulled into something that changes slowly. Like a clock.

Plus, that would defeat the whole purpose of being on here and not myspace. There's a freedom that comes when you have no idea how many people see what you wrote. Even on a bad day when I'm all alone, I still want to be happy with my blog. You know? You know the feeling when nobody comes to read? And you're standing there, stranded, all alone, like a cow with rabies who can't find it's way back to the barn?

I made me a title thing tonight. I was going for the whole ransom note/kidnapper's message look.

Also I have 2 people mad at me right now, which is the average number. It would have been 3, but my older sister called yesterday and apologized profusely for her boorish behavior. If you hold out long enough, they'll come around.

I have 3 tacos in my belly. I'm wearing a little blue t-shirt with a picture of a hotdog, a fortune cookie, and a chinese to-go box on it. A towel on my head to keep the deep-conditioning olive oil from dripping everywhere, dollar store boxers, and bright red toenails.

(Just so you could get a good feel of me.)

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 2008

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well, here we go.

And if you don't know what I mean by that, you sure got alot of catching up to do.

I put a tracker on this page. Even though all it shows is the country. Cause last summer I had a page that I listed on a whole bunch of sites, and bam! There was a flag from almost every country on the tracker thing. It was fun. Nevermind the fact that it was probably just the website administrators verifying my blog.

where I've been~ http://www.myspace.com/i_singmysong_foryou
where I'm going~ http://anotherblogtoabandoninafewdays.blogspot.com/